WITH THE POETS IN SMOKELAND.

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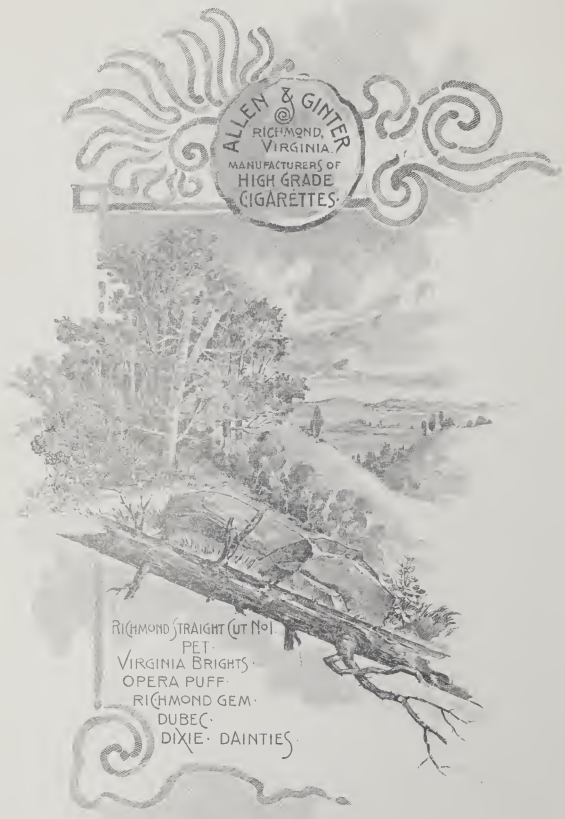
ALLEN & GINTER
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
MANUFACTURERS OF
HIGH GRADE
CIGARETTES
RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT NO 1
PET
VIRGINIA BRIGHTS
OPERA PUFF
RICHMOND GEM
DUBEC
DIXIE DAINTIES

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INTRODUCTORY.

IN all climes and among all races of men the language of Tobacco is the same. It is the universal symbol of peace, of good feeling, of meditation. The American Indian ratified his treaties with the pipe; a pinch of snuff, with a Kaffir, makes you his guest, and he is bound to protect you by all the laws of savage hospitality. Among more civilized nations tobacco smoke scents the weightiest documents of the statesman, it pervades with its subtle odor the clergyman's sermon and the lawyer's brief; its perfume clings to the manuscript of the novelist and in its blue wreaths are twined the most graceful fancies of the poet. It is universal, whether it be in the pipe of the student or the cigarette of the man of leisure; fully nine-tenths of the human race, in some form, burn incense to the gracious Goddess Nicotiana.

Byron penned one of his noblest sonnets to "Divine Tobacco," and our own Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes only recently testified his regard for "Tobacco, a soothing drug, which in its various forms is a great solace to many old men and to some old women—Carlyle and his mother used to smoke their pipes together, you remember."

It is with a view of collecting in a permanent form some of the most notable of these tributes, that this little book is issued. It does not contain a tithe of the material at hand; to accomplish that would require a volume bulkier than the dictionary. A few of the curious verses of the Elizabethan age and some of the daintier productions of our own time have been all that space would admit. As an accompaniment to a soothing and meditative pipe, or a delicate and fragrant cigarette, they may not come amiss to

THE GREAT BROTHERHOOD OF SMOKERS

to whom this volume is fraternally dedicated.

—ALLAN FORMAN.

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19493

HAIL TO THE PLANT.

(A Parody on Sir Walter Scott.)

Hail! to the plant which we owe to brave Raleigh,
Long may it flourish on Virginia's fair shore,
Bloom on the mountain, and spread in the valley,
Fertile, and fragrant, and fresh evermore!
Bright sunshine nourish it,
Gentle deeds cherish it,
Life giving breezes around it still flow;
Moisture and warmth give aid,
That it may never fade;
Tabak, St. Nicotine, ho, iero!

Smoke, brother, smoke of the pride of Virginia,
Snuff, brother, snuff if you'd clear up your brain;
Chew, brother, chew, and I'll bet you a guinea,
Once fairly started, you'll do it again.
Oh! would our Northern air
Nurture this plant so rare!
Never aught else in my garden I'd grow;
All my flowers plucked should be
Fruit trees give place to thee
Tabak, St. Nicotine, ho, iero!

WITH PIPE AND BOOK.

With pipe and book at close of day,
O! what is sweeter, mortal say?
It matters not what book on knee
Old Izaak or the Odyssey,
It matters not, meerschaum or clay.

And though our eyes will dream astray,
And lips forget to sue or sway,
It is "enough to merely be"
With pipe and book.

What though our modern skies be grey,
As bards aver I will not pray
For "soothing death" to "succour" me;
But ask this much, O! Fate, of thee,
A little longer yet to stay
With pipe and book.

By Richard Le Gallienne.

From Volumes in Folio.

The Spaniards have a proverb to this effect, "A cigarette, a glass of fresh water, and the kiss of a pretty girl will sustain a man for a day without eating.

Learn to smoke slow, the other grace is,
To keep your smoke from people's faces.
—*Punch.*

MY CIGARETTE

My Cigarette! The amulet
That charms afar unrest and sorrow;
The magic wand that, far beyond
To-day, can conjure up to-morrow,
Like love's desire, thy crown of fire
So softly with the twilight blending,
And, ah! meseems, a poet's dream
Are in thy wreaths of smoke ascending.

My Cigarette! Can I forget
How Kate and I, in sunny weather,
Sat in the shade the elm-tree made,
And rolled the fragrant weed together?
I, at her side, beatified
To hold and guide her fingers willing;
She, rolling slow the paper's snow,
Putting my heart in with the filling!

My Cigarette! I see her yet,—
The white smoke from her red lips curling,
Her dreaming eyes, her soft replies,
Her gentle sighs, her laughter purling!
Ah, dainty roll, whose parting soul
Ebbs out in many a snowy billow,
I too would burn if I might earn
Upon her lips so sweet a pillow!

Ah, Cigarette! The gay coquette
Has long forgot the flames she lighted
And you and I unthinking by
Alike are thrown, alike are slighted.
The darkness gathers fast without,
A rain-drop on my window plashes!
My Cigarette and heart are out,
And naught is left me but their ashes!

C. F. LUMNIS,
Harvard Crimson.

"Friend of my youth, companion of my later days,
What need my Muse to sing thy various praise?
In country or in town, on land or sea,
The weed is still delightful company.
In joy or sorrow, grief or racking pain,
We fly to thee for solace once again.
Delicious plant by all the world consumed,
'Tis pity thou, like man, to ashes too art doom'd."

ODE TO TOBACCO.

Thou who, when fears attack,
Bidst them avaunt, and Black
Care, at the horseman's back
  Perching, unseatest;
Sweet when the morn is grey;
Sweet, when they've clear'd away
Lunch, and at close of day
  Possibly sweetest.

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told,
  Not to thy credit;
How one (or two at most)
Drops make a cat a ghost,
Useless, except to roast;
  Doctors have said it.

How they who use fusees
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees,
  Meagre as lizards;
Go mad, and beat their wives,
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Razors and carving knives
  Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks!
Yet know I five or six
Smokers who freely mix
  Still with their neighbors;
Jones (who, I'm glad to say,
Asked leave of Mrs. J——),
Daily absorbs a clay
  After his labors.

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco-juice;
Still why deny its use
  Thoughtfully taken?
We're not as tabbies are,
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
  Here's to thee, Bacon!

C. S. CALVERLEY.

(AFTER HOOD.)

I remember, I remember,
  The pipe that first I drew;
With red waxed end and snowy bowl,
  It perfect was and new.
It measured just four inches long,
  'Twas made of porous clay;
I found when I began to smoke,
  It took my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
  In fear I struck a light;
And when I smoked a little time,
  I felt my cheeks grow white.
My nervous system mutinied,
  My diaphragm uprose,
And I was very, very ill
  In a way you may suppose.

I remember, I remember,
  The very rod he got,
When father who discovered me,
  Made me exceeding hot.
He scattered all my feathers then,
  While face down I reclined;
I sat upon a cold hearthstone,
  I was so warm behind.

I remember, I remember,
  I viewed the rod with dread,
And silent, sad, and supperless,
  I bundled off to bed.
It was a childish punishment,
  And now 'tis little joy,
To know that, for the self-same crime,
  I wallop my own boy!

—*From Cope's Tobacco Plant.*

CHOOSING A WIFE BY A PIPE OF TOBACCO

Tube, I love thee as my life;
By thee I mean to choose a wife.
Tube, thy *color* let me find,
In her *skin*, and in her *mind*.
Let her have a *shape* as fine;
Let her breath be sweet as thine;
Let her, when her lips I kiss,
Burn like thee, to give me bliss;
Let her, in some *smoke* or other,
All my failings kindly smother.
Often when my thoughts are *low*,
Send them where they *ought to go:*
When to study I incline,
Let her aid be such as thine;
Such as thine the charming pow'r
In the vacant social hour.
Let her live to give delight,
Ever *warm* and ever *bright;*
Let her deeds, when'er she dies,
Mount as incense to the skies.

—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

The Poets of old
Many fables have told
Of the gods and their symposia,
But tobacco alone,
Had it known it, had gone
For their nectar and ambrosia.

—*From "Ivid's Recreations."*—1640.

"The first taste of new smoke is like your first love"—"it fills up the cravings of your soul, and the light-blue wreaths of smoke, like the roseate clouds that hang around the morning of your heart's life, cut you off from the chill atmosphere of mere worldly companionship, and make a gorgeous firmament for your fancy to riot in."

"It suggests quiet thoughts and makes a man meditative, and gives a current to his habit of contemplation."

IKE MARVEL.

TOBACCO

The Indian weed, withered quite,
Green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay; all flesh is hay,
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

The pipe that is so lily-white
Shows thee to be a mortal wight;
And even such, gone with a touch,
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

And when the smoake ascends on high,
Thinke thou beholdst the vanity
Of worldly stuffe, gone with a puffe,
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Thinke on thy soule, defil'd with sin,
And then the fire it doth require.
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind,
May serve to put thee still in mind,
That unto dust return thou must.
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

GEORGE WITHER.—1620.

THE LOST LOTOS.

'Tis said that in the sun-embroidered East
There dwelt a race whose softly-flying hours
Passed like the vision of a royal feast
By Nero given in the Baian bowers;
Thanks to the lotos-blossom's spell,
Their lives were one long miracle.

In after years, the passing sons of men
Looked for those lotos-blossoms all in vain
Through every hill-side, glade and glen,
And e'en the isles of many a main;
Yet through the centuries some doom
Forbade them see the lotos bloom.

The Old World wearied of the long pursuit,
And called the sacred leaf a poet's theme,
When lo! the new world, rich in flower and fruit,
Revealed the lotos, lovelier than a dream
Of joy and banishing regrets,
In the RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT CIGARETTES.

"A weed you call it, but you'll own
No rose was e'er more fully blown."

"For thy sake, tobacco, I would do anything but die."
CHARLES LAMB.

Farewell to Tobacco.

A BACHELOR'S PIPE.

I sit all alone with my pipe by the fire,
I ne'er knew the Benedict's yoke ;
I worship a fairy-like, fanciful form,
That goes up the chimney in smoke.

I sit in my dressing-gowned slipperful ease,
With no wife nor kids to provoke,
And puff at my pipe, while my hopes and my fears
All go up the chimney in smoke.

Yet sometimes I think that a bachelor's life,
Tho' it's jolly, is but a poor joke ;
And I envy the man whose good wife and brains
Don't go up the chimney in smoke.

I sit with my pipe, and my heart's lonesome care,
I try, but all vainly, to choke,
Ah, me ! but I find that the flame that love lights
Won't go up the chimney in smoke.—*Anon.*

PIPE OF MY SOUL.

Pipe of my soul, our perfumed reverie,
A mild-eyed and mysterious ecstacy,
In purple whorls and delicate spires ascending,
Like hope materialized, inquiringly
Towards the unknown Infinite is wending.

The master-secret of mortality,
The viewless line this visible life subtending,
Whilom so dim, grows almost plain to me,
Pipe of my soul !

And as the angels come the demons flee,
Thy artist-influence beautifully blending
The light that is, the dark that may not be
The great Perhaps above all things impending
Melts large and luminous into thine and thee,
Pipe of my soul.—*Anon.*

"Just as the world would be a tame and insipid institution were all men's tastes alike, so the world of smokers would lose much of its romance were all the lovers of the weed of temperament too robust to love a cigarette."—*The Tobacco Plant.*

MY CIGARETTE.

Some say that Life's true Elixir
In the wine-cup only lies;
And when Liber fires the fancy
Human nature grief defies.
Perhaps they're right—perhaps wrong—but yet
Give to me my cigarette.

Laughing Lesbia swears she loves me,
Pour mes beaux yeux the world would brave;
Well! there comes a richer rival—
Wealth prospective digs Love's grave.
Perhaps she's right—perhaps wrong—but yet
Still I'll smoke my cigarette.

Business troubles come upon us—
Losses, gains, in stocks and shares;
Faithless friends, and foes by hundreds—
All life's various ills and cares.
Perhaps I'm right—perhaps wrong—but yet
Let me have a cigarette.

Life's all smoke—at first a flicker,
Then we burn our little day,
Some burn slowly, others quicker,
Death comes, and we're thrown away.
Perhaps I'm right—perhaps wrong—but yet
What's life but a cigarette?

—*Judy.*

The Fiend was in a mighty passion,
His power and craft alike defied,
For in most arbitrary fashion
The compact had been set aside.
Fair angel hands from Heaven reaching
Had come between him and his prey,
Ah, well, the ages bring their teaching,
And in our favored present day
We know that Faust had quick besought him
This moment fair—Ah, speed not yet!
If Mephistofeles had brought him
The Richmond Straight-Cut Cigarette.

"Smoking is clean and sweet, and a most pleasant soother of disturbed feelings; and a capital companion; and a comforter."

— *Ike Marvel.*

THE LATEST CONVERT.

"*Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.*"—OVID.

I've been in love some scores of times
With Amy, Nellie, Katie, Mary—
To name them all would stretch my rhymes
From here as far as Dremerary.

But each has wed some other man—
Girls always do, I find, in real life—
And I am left alone to scan
The horizon of my own ideal life.

I still survive; I was, I think,
Not born to run in double harness;
I did not shirk my food and drink
When Nellie married Harry Carnice.

But I am wedded to my pipe!
That faithful friend; nought can provoke it,
Should it grow cold, I gently wipe
Its mouth; then fill it, light, and smoke it.

But it is sweet to kiss; and I
Should love to kiss a wife and pet her—
She scolds? Straight to my pipe I fly;
Her scowls through fragrant smoke look better.

There's merry Maud—with her I'd dare
To brave the matrimonial ocean;
She would not pout and fret, but wear
A constant smile of sweet devotion.

How know I that she will not change;
My wishes at defiance set? Oh!
(Pray this in smallest type arrange),
She smokes—at times—a cigareto.

F. W. LITTLETON HAY.

TO A CIGARETTE.

Life's but a leaf adroitly rolled,
And Time's the wasting breath,
That late or early, we behold,
Gives all to dusty death.

And what is he who smokes thee now?
A little moving heap
That soon like thee, to fate must bow,
With thee in dust must sleep.

THE BALLADE OF TOBACCO.

When verdant youth sees life afar,
And first sets out wild oats to sow,
He puffs a stiff and stark cigar,
And quaffs champagne of Mumm & Co.
He likes not smoking yet; but though
Tobacco makes him sick indeed,
Cigars and wine he can't forego:
A slave is each man to the weed.

In time his tastes more dainty are,
And delicate. Become a beau,
From out the country of the Czar
He brings his cigarettes, and lo!
He sips the vintage of Bordeaux,
Thus keener relish shall succeed
The baser liking we outgrow:
A slave is each man to the weed.

When age and his own lucky star,
To him perfected wisdom show,
The schooner glides across the bar,
And beer for him shall freely flow.
A pipe with genial warmth shall glow;
To which he turns in direst need,
To seek in smoke surcease of woe:
A slave is each man to the weed.

ENVOI.

Smokers! who doubt or *con* or *pro*,
And ye who dare to drink, take heed!
And see in smoke a friendly foe:
A slave is each man to the weed.

—BRANDER MATTHEWS.

MY PIPE.

Tenus fugit ceu fumus in auras.
—Virg.

Little tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire.
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently braced;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper prest,
And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men;
Who when agen the night returns,
When agen the taper burns;
When agen the cricket's gay,
(Little cricket, full of play)
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed.
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men.

he pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher, and shuts up the mouth of the foolish; it generates a style of conversation, contemplative, thoughtful, benevolent and unaffected."—*Thackeray.*

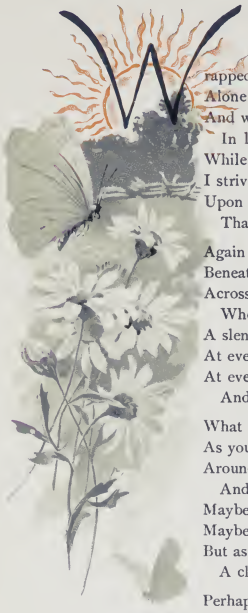
"He who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation next to that which comes from Heaven."—*Bulwer Lytton.*

"I have no doubt that it is from the habit of smoking that Turks and American Indians are such monstrous well-bred men."—*Thackeray.*

Thackeray says that while smoking "Sentiments are delivered in a grave, easy manner—it harmonizes the society and soothes at once the speaker and the subject whereon he converses."

"On the whole, then, woman in this scale, the weed in that—Jupiter hang out thy balance and weigh them both; and if you give the preference to woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee—O Jupiter, try the weed.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

"May I die if I abuse that kindly weed which has given me so much pleasure."—*Thackeray.*



ASHES.

Wrapped in a sadly tattered gown,
Alone I puff my briar brown,
And watch the ashes settle down
In lambent flashes;
While thro' the blue, thick, curling haze,
I strive with feeble eyes to gaze,
Upon the half-forgotten days
That left but ashes.

Again we wander through the lane,
Beneath the elms and out again,
Across the rippling fields of grain,
Where softly plashes
A slender brook 'mid banks of fern,
At every sigh my pulses burn,
At every thought I slowly turn
And find but ashes.

What made my fingers tremble so,
As you wrapped skeins of worsted snow,
Around them, now with movements slow
And now with dashes?
Maybe 'tis smoke that blinds my eyes,
Maybe a tear within them lies;
But as I puff my pipe there flies
A cloud of ashes.

Perhaps you did not understand,
How lightly flames of love were fanned.
Ah, every thought and wish I've planned
With something clashes!
And yet within my lonely den
Over a pipe, away from men,
I love to throw aside my pen
And stir the ashes.

DE WITT STERRY.

Lord Tennyson is a heavy smoker, and so was Thomas Carlyle. The story of Tennyson calling on Carlyle one evening, and sitting in solemn silence smoking for hours is well known. "Man Alfred," said Carlyle as he showed the Poet Laureate out, "We have ha'en a graund nicht. Come back again soon!"

James Payn, the novelist, cannot remember the time when he did not smoke. Mark Twain, at the age of thirty, used to smoke 300 cigars per month. Mr. George Augustus Sala has been a constant smoker for forty years, and bears emphatic testimony in favor of smoking. "The allegation," he says, "as to smoking stupifying a man's faculties or blunting his energy, I take to be mainly nonsense."

Carlyle, like Tennyson, did not care for a cigar, but kept a pipe in his mouth most of his waking hours, and Thackeray, like Burns, loved to get away by himself and enjoy the flavor of a rank tobacco pipe.

A SONG, AFTER SHERIDAN.

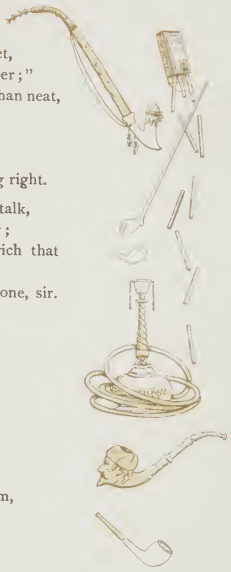
Here's to the hookah, with snake of five feet,
Or the "portable" fix'd to one's "topper;"
Here's to the meerschaum, more naughty than neat,
And here's to all pipes that are proper.
Fill them up tight,
Give 'em a light,
I'll wager a smoke will set everything right.

Here's to the Warden's twelve inches of stalk,
Here's to Jack Tar's clay, with one, sir;
To the pipes now with mountings, so rich that they "walk,"
And here's to most pipes which have none, sir.
Fill them up tight, &c.

Here's to the Milo just out of the shop,
With mouthpiece as dry as pale sherry;
Here's to your veteran, wet as a mop,
Black as a sloe or a cherry.
Fill them up tight, &c.

Let them be clumsy, or let them be slim,
Light or heavy, I care not a feather;
So fill them with 'Baccy right up to the rim,
And let us all smoke them together.
Fill them up tight,
Give 'em a light,
I'll wager a smoke will set everything right.

—*From Cope's Tobacco Plant.*



IN WREATHS OF SMOKE.

In wreaths of smoke, blown waywardwise,
Faces of olden days uprise,
And in his dreamery revery
They haunt the smoker's brain, and he
Breathes for the past regretful sighs.

Mem'ries of maids with azure eyes,
In dewy dells, 'neath June's soft skies,
Faces that more he'll only see
In wreaths of smoke.

Eheu, eheu! how fast Time flies—
How youthtime passion droops and dies,
And all the countless visions flee!
How worn would all those faces be,
Were they not swathed in soft disguise
In wreaths of smoke?

—*Frank Newton Holman.*

ANOTHER MATCH

AFTER A. C. SWINBURNE.

If love were dhudeen olden,
And I were like the weed,
Oh! we would live together,
And love the jolly weather,
And bask in sunshine golden,
Rare pals of choicest breed;
If love were dhudeen olden,
And I were like the weed.

If you were snuff, my darling,
And I, your love, the box,
We'd live and sneeze together,
Shut out from all the weather,
And anti-snuffers snarling,
In neckties orthodox;
If you were snuff, my darling,
And I, your love, the box.

If you were oil essential,
And I were nicotine,
We'd hatch up wicked treason,
And spoil each smoker's reason,
Till he grew penitential,
And turned a bilious green;
If you were oil essential,
And I were nicotine.

If you were shag of dark hue,
And I were mild bird's eye,
We'd scent the passing hours,
And fumigate the flowers;
And in the midnight hark you,
The Norfold Howards should die
If you were shag of dark hue,
And I were mild bird's eye.

If you were the aroma,
And I were simply smoke,
We'd skyward fly together,
As light as any feather;
And flying high as Homer,
His grey old ghost we'd choke;
If you were the aroma,
And I were simply smoke.

—*From Cope's Tobacco Plant.*

SWEETER THAN ROSES.

Sweet is the Summer wind that blows
From tangled beds of mignonette;
But sweeter far the air that flows
O'er new-mown hay with rain-drops wet
And sweet from petals of the rose,
The attar that the Turk distils;
And sweetest that a mortal knows
The wild rose of the Summer hills.
Yet there's a richer rare perfume,
Ah who that's known it, can forget,
Of perfect bliss, the bud and bloom,
A RICHMOND STRAIGHT-CUT CIGARETTE.

***

Of Dixie with its hearts of oak
It forms to-day the crowning fame.
Who gives us this ideal smoke?
Allen & Ginter is their name.

"I can quite believe the Prussian doctor, who recommended to a consumptive countryman to smoke Virginia Tobacco, just as an English physician in the like case would advise a change of air."—*Thomas Hood.*

"Up the Rhine."

AN ADDRESS TO THE CRITICS.

Critics avaunt—Tobacco is my theme;
Tremble like hornets at the blasting steam,
And you, court insects, flutter not too near
Its light, nor buzz within its scorching sphere.
Pollio, with flame like thine, my verse inspire,
So shall the Muse, with smoke, elicit fire;
Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff,
Yet all their claim to wisdom is—a puff.
Lord Fopling smokes not—for his teeth afraid;
Sir Tawdry smokes not—for he wears brocade.
Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to swoon;
They love no smoke, except the smoke of town.
But courtiers hate the puffing tribe—no matter,
Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter.
Its foes but show their ignorance; can he
Who scorns the leaf of knowledge love the tree?
Citronia vows it has an odious stink,
She will not smoke, ye gods, but she will drink;
And chaste Prudella—blame her, if you can—
Says pipes are used by that vile creature—man.
Yet crowds remain, who still its worth proclaim,
For some for pleasure smoke, and some for fame—
Fame, of our actions, universal spring,
For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke—everything.

By W. A. DELAMOTTE.—1845.

Smoking and Smokers.

ON A TOBACCO JAR.

Three hundred years ago or soe,
One worthy knight and gentlemanne
Did bring me here, to charm and chere,
To physical and mental manne.
God bless his soule who filled ye bowle,
And may our blessings find him;
That he not miss *some* share of blisse
Who left soe much behind him.

BERNARD BARKER.

"There is a butterfly-beauty about the cigarette to which the cigar and the pipe can lay no claim—a summer charm to stir the dreaming rapture of a poet, and to excite the Lotus-eating philosopher even to analogy."

As, circling upward through the air,
The hazy cloudlet softly swings,
A glad young girl, with golden hair,
Laughs lightly from the fleeting wings.
We wandered once through woodland ways,
We whispered vows of truth and love :
The happy unforgotten days
Are mirrored in the clouds above.
Old loves, old faiths, I dream of yet,
Although she broke my heart for sport ;
Our bliss was like a cigarette,—
The time it lasted sweet and short.

—*Nat. Fossith in London Magazine.*

A SYMPHONY IN SMOKE.

A pretty, piquant pouting pet,
Who likes to muse and take her ease :
She loves to smoke a cigarette.

To dream in silken hammockette,
And sing and swing beneath the trees—
A pretty, piquant, pouting pet.

Her Christian name is Violet ;
Her eyes are blue as summer seas ;
She loves to smoke a cigarette.

As calm as babe in bassinette,
She swingeth in the summer breeze—
A pretty, piquant, pouting pet.

She ponders o'er a novelette—
Her parasol is Japanese—
She loves to smoke a cigarette.

She loves a fume without a fret—
Her frills are white, her frock *cerise*
A pretty, pouting, piquant pet.

She almost goes to sleep, and yet,
Half lulled by booming honey-bees,
She loves to smoke a cigarette.

A winsome, clever, cool coquette,
Who flouts all Grundian decrees—
A pretty, pouting, piquant pet,
That loves to smoke a cigarette.

—*Harper's Bazaar.*

My Three Loves.

When life was all a summer day,
And I was under twenty,
Three loves were scattered in my way—
And three at once are plenty.
Three hearts, if offered with a grace,
One thinks not of refusing.
The task in this especial case
Was only that of choosing.
I knew not which to make my pet—
My pipe, cigar, or cigarette.

To cheer my night or glad my day
My pipe was ever willing;
The meerschaum or the lovely clay
Alike repaid the filling.
Grown men delight in blowing clouds
As boys in blowing bubbles,
Our cares to puff away in crowds,
And banish all our troubles.
My pipe I nearly made my pet,
Above cigar or cigarette.

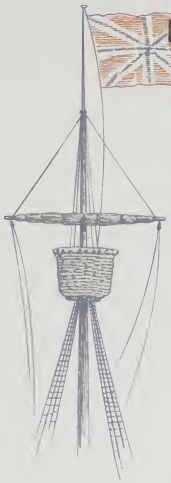
A tiny paper tightly rolled
About some Latakia,
Contains within its magic fold
A mighty *panacea*.
Some thought of sorrow or of strife
At ev'ry whiff will vanish;
And all the scenery of life
Turn picturesquely Spanish.
But still I could not quite forget
Cigar and pipe for cigarette.

To yield an after-dinner puff
O'er *demi-tasse* and brandy,
No cigarettes are strong enough,
No pipes are ever handy.
However fine may be the feed,
It only moves my laughter,
Unless a dry, delicious weed
Appears a little after.
A prime cigar I firmly set
Above a pipe or cigarette.

But after all, I try in vain
To fetter my opinion;
Since each upon my giddy brain
Has boasted a dominion.
Comparisons I'll not provoke,
Lest *all* should be offended,
Let this discussion end in smoke,
As many more have ended,
And each I'll make a special pet—
My pipe, cigar, and cigarette.

HENRY S. LEIGH,
London Magazine.

THE PATRIOTIC SMOKER'S LAMENT.



Tell me, shade of Walter Raleigh,
Briton of the truest type,
When that too devoted valet
Quenched your first-recorded pipe,
Were you pondering the opinion,
As you watched the airy coil,
That the virtue of Virginia
Might be bred in British soil?

You transplanted the potato,
'Twas a more enduring gift
Than the wisdom of a Plato
To our poverty and thrift.
That respected root has flourished
Nobly for a nation's need,
But our brightest dreams are nourished
Ever on a foreign weed.

For the deepest meditation
Of the philosophic scribe,
For the poet's inspiration,
For the Cynic's polished gibe.
We invoke narcotic nurses
In their jargon from afar,
I indite these modest verses
On a polyglot cigar.

Leaf that lulls a Turkish Aga
May a scholar's soul renew,
Fancy spring from Larranaga,
History from honeydew.
When the teacher and the tyro
Spirit-manna fondly seek,
'Tis the cigarette from Cairo
Or a compound from the Greek.

But no British-born aroma
Is fit incense to the Queen,
Nature gives her best diploma
To the alien nicotine.
We are doomed to her ill-favor,
For the plant that's native grown,
Has a patriotic flavor
Too exclusively our own.

O my country, could your smoker
Boast your "shag," or even "twist,"
Every man were mediocre
Save the blest tobacconist!
He will point immortal morals,
Make all common praises mute,
Who shall win our grateful laurels
With a national cheroot.

—*The St. James Gazette.*

TO A FRIEND WHO SENT ME A MEERSCHAUM.

Well was it named *ecume de mer*
The gracious earth so light and fair:
Mysterious cross of foam and clay,
From both it stole the best away;
If clay, 'tis such as sense might doubt of,
The same Jove made the Naiads out of,
If foam, then such as crowns the glow
Of beakers brimmed with Veuve Cliquot,
And here combined they sure must be
The birth of some enchanted sea,
Shaped to immortal form, the type
And very Venus of a pipe!

For fancy that: but since they say
We Yankees think it wrong to play,
And love a moral bench to squirm on
Harder than flint, I add a sermon
Whene'er I fill it with the weed
From Lethe wharf, whose potent seed
Nicotia, child of Bacchus's age,
Heir of his cheer but not his rage.
In misty Indian summer bore
From Dreamland to Virginia's shore
I'll think; so fill the costliest bowl,
And strange alembic of the soul,
With herbs far-sought that shall distill
Not fumes to slacken thought and will,
But gracious essences that nerve
To wait, to dare, to strive, to serve.
While curls the smoke in eddies soft,
Wreathing fantastic shapes aloft,
That give and take, though chance-designed,
The impress of the dreamer's mind,
And in a mild enchantment blends
The fireside thoughts of musing friends,

I'll think; so let the vapors bred
By passion in the heart or head,
Pass off and upward into space,
With bright farewells of tender grace,
Remembered in some happier time
To blend the beauty with my rhyme.
While slowly through its candid grain
The color deepens, as the brain
That burns in mortals leaves its trace
Of bales or blessings in the face,
I'll think; so let the virtue rare
Of life consuming make me fair,
So may its temperate fires imbue
My soul and sense with riper hue,
So 'gainst our earthly ills profuse
Steep me in some nepenthe-juice;
And if my years must part with all
That whiteness which men greenness call,
And the gods wisdom, if I must
Doubt where I grandly took on trust,
Grant me, Experience, this alone,
Turn me to Meerschaum, not to stone;
Smoothe, grim Medusa, half thy frown,
Making me gently, slowly brown!
And while the ardor shrinks away
To hide itself in ashes grey;
When Eld's Ash Wednesday comes about
To strew my head from fires burnt out;
I'll think, as inward Life retreats,
And careful spares his wasting beats,
While one spark stays to light the eye
With a last flash of memory,
So may it be, till wholly gone,
But deeper in my heart withdrawn,
With kindling touch to make it glow
For the kind friend of long ago!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The Spirit of the Fair.

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

May the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word—perplexity,
Or a fit expression find
Or a language to my mind
(Still the phrase is wide or scant)
To take leave of thee Great Plant!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love or half my hate,
For I hate yet love thee so
That whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrain'd hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

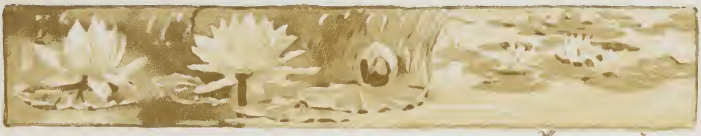
* * * * *

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All the panthers and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchannals,
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meanly: only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyssus of thy leaves,
Scent to match thy rich perfume
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sovereign to the brain.
Nature that did in thee excel
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys,
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant,
Thou art the only manly scent.

* * * * * *

For I must nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must leave thee,
For thy sake, Tobacco, I,
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But as she who once hath been
A Knight's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any title of her state,
Though a widow or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys.
Where, though I by sour physician
Am debarred the full fruition
Of thy favors, I may catch
Some collateral sweets and snatch
Sidelong odors, that give life
Like glances from a neighbor's wife;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces;
And in thy borders take delight
An unconquer'd Canaanite.

CHARLES LAMB.



THE ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

As I was walking out one day,
Sir Cupid by the way I met,
Who held a flickering heart, wherefrom
He strove to light—a cigarette!

And as I passed I heard him say,
"Deuce take this heart of a coquette;
The flame's too fickle, I declare,
To even light a cigarette!"

—*Life.*

HE RESPONDETH.

SHE.

You still persist in using,
I observe with great regret,
The needlessly expensive
Cigarette.

HE.

You should set a good example,
But you seem to quite forget
That you use a thirty dollar
Vinaigrette.

—*Life.*

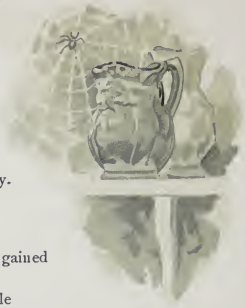
THE MEERSCHAUM.

The meerschaum is but a poor affair until it has burned a thousand offerings to the cloud-compelling deities. It comes to us without complexion or flavor, born of the sea-foam, like Aphrodite, but colorless as *pallida Mars* herself. The fire is lighted in its central shrine, and gradually the juices which the broad leaves of the great vegetable has sucked up from an acre and curdled into a drachm, are diffused through its thirsting pores.

First a discoloration, then a stain, and at last a rich, glowing umber tint spreading over the whole surface. Nature, true to her old brown autumnal hue, you see—as true in the fire of the meerschaum as in the sunshine of October! And then the cumulative wealth of its fragrant reminiscences! He who inhales its vapors takes a thousand whiffs in a single breath; and one cannot touch it without awakening the old joys that hang around it, as the smell of flowers clings to the dresses of the daughters of the house of Farina.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

TRIUMPH OF TOBACCO OVER SACK AND ALE.



Tobacco engages,
Both sexes, all ages,
The poor as well as the wealthy;
From the court to the cottage,
From childhood to dotage,
Both those that are sick and the healthy.

It plainly appears,
That in a few years,
Tobacco more custom has gained
Than sack or than ale,
Though they double the tale
Of the times wherein they have reigned.

And worthily too,
For what they undo,
Tobacco doth help to regain,
On fairer conditions
Than many physicians,
Puts an end to much grief and pain.

It helpeth digestion,
Of that there's no question;
The gout and the toothache it eases,
Be it early or late,
'Tis ne'er out of date,
He may safely take it that pleases.

Tobacco prevents,
Infection by scents,
That dulls the brain and are heavy.
An antidote is
Before you're amiss,
As well as an after remedy.

The cold it doth heat,
Cools them that do sweat;
And them that are fat maketh lean.
The hungry doth feed,
And if there be need,
Spent spirits restoreth again.

"Great men need no pompous marble
To perpetuate their name;
Household gear and common trinkets
Best remind us of their fame.

Raleigh's glory rests immortal
On ten thousand thousand urns,
Every jar is *in memoriam*,
Every fragrant pipe that burns."

When love grows cool, thy fire still warms me,
When friends are fled, thy presence charms me,
If thou art full, though purse be bare,
I smoke and cast away all care!

—From German Smoking Song.

"LATAKIA."

When all the panes are hung with frost,
Wild wizard-work of silver lace,
I draw my sofa on the rug
Before the ancient chimney-place.

Upon the painted tiles are mosques
And minarets, and here and there
A blind muezzin lifts his hands
And calls the faithful unto prayer.

Folded in idle, twilight dreams,
I hear the hemlock chirp and sing,
As if within its ruddy core,
It held the happy heart of Spring.

Ferdousi never sang like that,
Nor Saadi grave, nor Hafiz gay;
I lounge, and blow white wings of smoke,
And watch them rise and float away.

The curling wreaths like turbans seem
Of silent slaves that come and go—
Or Viziers, packed with craft and crime,
Whom I behead from time to time,
With pipe-stem at a single blow.

And now and then a lingering cloud,
Takes gracious form at my desire,
And at my side my lady stands,
Unwinds her veil with snowy hands—
A shadowy shape, a breath of fire!

—T. B. Aldrich.

IN NUBIBUS.

RONDEAU.

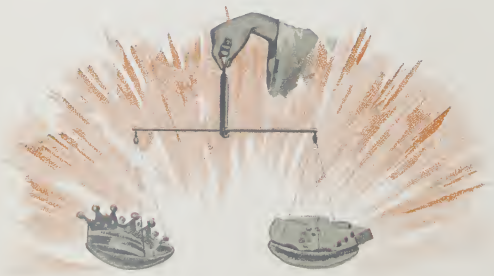
In fragrant smoke my thoughts ascend
And fleeting fancies with them blend ;
I do not mind my swelling debts ;
No carking care my humor frets ;
Through *chateaux en Espagne* I wend.

The novels I have never penned
And plays that untold crowds attend,
My sanguine vision now begets
In fragrant smoke.

Crœsus' fair daughter I defend
From bandits who would ransom rend.
And, while love's dream ambition whets
From RICHMOND STRAIGHT-CUT CIGARETTES,
I feel that I have one true friend
In fragrant smoke !

"Learn to smoke slowly." Cultivate "Calm and intermittent puffs."
WALTER SCOTT.

Mr. Spurgeon, whose name is honored throughout the borders of England, and far beyond them, is a stout upholder of smoking. On a certain occasion an American divine had the questionable taste of talking in the Tabernacle about the sin of smoking a cigar ! After he sat down Mr. Spurgeon rose and said : "Notwithstanding what Brother Pentecost has said, I intend to smoke a good cigar to the glory of God before I go to bed to-night. If anybody can show me in the Bible the command, 'Thou shalt not smoke,' I am ready to keep it ; but I haven't found it yet. At the same time, what a man believes to be a sin, becomes a sin to him, and he must give it up. Why, a man may think it a sin to have his boots blacked. Well, then, let him give it up, and have them whitewashed."



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